

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,



AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. III.

The parson's surprise at seeing Mrs. Pawlet.—How she goes.—The post boy.—His observation on young ladies.—A letter from Von Hein—The consequence.—Their reception at Mr. George Pawlet's.—An epigram.—A grand piece of music composed for the occasion.—The liberties Mrs. George takes in composition.—Her apology for it.—Remarks concerning writers in music.—Mrs. Pawlet recommends several to Mrs. George.—Boethius, dinner, and Noah's ark.

IN proper time the parson and Barclay were equipped, and waiting for the ladies to depart. Penelope soon appeared in a dress wherein chastity, beauty, elegance, and grace, seemed to contend with each other for the mastery. Barclay had not neglected his toilet, but was equally gay and engaging. At length Mrs. Pawlet made her entrée. To use the language of Petronius, which he applied to the Roman beauty, I may justly say that no words can give any idea of her appearance, whatever I shall say will be poor and insufficient to describe her.

The moment the parson cast his eyes upon her, he ejaculated,

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" and walked about the room, shaking his head from one side to the other, like a mandarine.

Penelope looked first at her, and then at Barclay, who turned towards the window, holding his handkerchief to his mouth.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Pawlet, at last, "I thought I should surprise you!"

"You do indeed, my dear!" replied the parson, "you do indeed!"

"You laughed at my former dress," said she, "and I was resolved—"

"To make us laugh more," interrupted the parson.

"Mr. Pawlet," said she seriously, "I did not expect this language from you;—but ignorance, and your—"

"My dear!" cried the parson, sorry for what he had said, "I did not mean any thing: but do you really intend to go in that dress?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Pawlet, "and if it were not for your cloth, it would be well if you would conform to it."

"Well, but my dear, how do you go? said he; "you can't walk along the village in that robe!"

"No," she rejoined, "I shall not walk; I shall go in your gig, which I have ordered, and Peter will drive me!"

"Well, well!" said he, "e'en let it be as you like!"

The gig was at the door—the parson put her in; and Peter, with his eyes and mouth wide open, and sitting as far from her as he could, drove off.

"Heaven preserve the poor soul from harm!" exclaimed the parson, returning; "was there ever such a whim?"

Mr. Pawlet, Penelope and Barclay now set out on foot. The little grey-hound having proved that he had no ear for music, was left at home. As they reached the summit of the hill, they perceived a boy advancing.

"Ah! here comes the post," cried Penelope, "I am sure it is a letter for me."

"Your post comes in very late," said Barclay.

"Yes," replied the parson; "owing to

our living out of the great road, we never have our letters till late in the day."

By this time they came up to the boy.

"Well, James," said Penelope, "you have a letter for me to day, I hope."

"Yes, miss," replied the lad, "I have one for you to day,—there it is! Zooks," continued the little arch rogue, "how pretty and happy you look when I have a letter for you; and how disappointed you are when I have not. Well, do you know that it is just the same with all the other young ladies in the village; when I have letters for them, they are ready to eat me; and when I have none, they are ready to kill me; so that I have often thought, do you know, of writing letters to them myself, rather than disappoint them. Well, but," added he, "I have another here for a Mr. Barclay Temple, at the Rev. Mr. Pawlet's."

"That's for me," cried Barclay.

The boy was dismissed.

Our hero cast his eyes hastily on the letter, and soon recognized the hand-writing of Keppel Von Hein. His hand trembled while he opened it. He felt that, by encouraging his love for Penelope, he had unwillingly wronged his friend! His heart acknowledged his unworthiness, and he coloured at the sight of those characters which would at any other time have filled him with joy.

Penelope had stood still to peruse her epistle; and the parson was permitted to look over it also. Barclay therefore collected himself, and proceeded to read his friend's letter, which announced, that he was, owing to some business, unable to be with him so speedily as he intended.—

"But," it continued, "my heart is with you and my Penelope. Write often to me about her. Tell her, that if I leave her now for a short time, it is that when we

meet again, we may meet to part no more! Without your friendship, Barclay, to solace and to comfort me, and without her love to soften and endear the passing hours, I need not say that I am unhappy and forlorn! But patience awhile, and the time will come, when, in the society of you and my Penelope, in the bosom of friendship and of love, I shall find more joy and peace, than I fear my cross and untoward nature will suffer me at all times to participate."

Barclay wept as he read. Every word of his love for Penelope, every word of friendship which he felt himself compelled, as it were, to betray, was a dagger in his heart.

The letter then concluded with the most tender and affectionate expressions of esteem.

"Oh!" exclaimed Barclay to himself; "oh, my friend! could you find no less cruel way to kill me than by your kindness? It tears me to pieces!"

A postscript followed, which was taken up with the complaints of Gregory, who was represented as having been in a continual state of restlessness and uneasiness, ever since they had parted, and constantly begging to be permitted to come to him.

"Well," said the parson, interrupting Barclay, who stood with his eyes fixed on the letter; "well, I hope you have good news from your friends, Mr. Temple? By the letter Penelope has received, we learn that we shall soon be favoured with the company of a very amiable visitor."

"Yes, the most amiable woman in the world," added Penelope.

"I beg pardon," cried Barclay, looking up, at the sound of Penelope's voice, "excuse my inattention;—I was entirely taken up with what I have just been reading."

"Nothing unpleasant I trust?" said the parson.

"Oh, no!" replied Barclay, rallying, "it is from my friend Von Hein. I was thinking of the affection of an old servant of my father's, who has been very miserable, he tells me, since I left him, although we have not been separated more than a week."

"Poor soul!" exclaimed the parson; "well, but when shall we see Mr. Von Hein?"

"He laments," rejoined Barclay, "that he cannot be with you as early as he intended, but he desires to be remembered to you all, especially to Miss Penelope, I will read you what he says if you will give me leave."

Here he placed himself opposite Penelope, by the side of the parson, whose attention he directed to the letter by pointing to the part he was reading, which was what has been already related. As he read, he ever and anon cast his eyes on Penelope, whose face was quickly covered with blushes.

"Very prettily expressed, indeed!" said the parson, when he had done; "there, my dear Pen. you hear how like a true-hearted lover he writes."

Penelope held her head down;—the parson stooped to see the effect it produced on her countenance, and observing her blushes, put his hand under her chin, and smiling, said,

"Well, bless you both; I hope you'll be happy."

The worthy clergyman did not perceive the tear that dimmed the lustre of her eyes, and ascribed the glowing of her cheeks to a very different cause from that which produced it.

Barclay's happiness was overcast by cloudy thought, and a few moments had turned all his joy into sorrow, and affliction of heart.

Penelope and Barclay were silent, while the parson persevered in talking of Keppel Von Hein until they came to his brother's mansion. Here the scene was changed.—They had no sooner entered the gates than their ears were saluted by the voices of Nathan and the choristers, which accompanied them to the house. They sung, it appeared, an epithalamium, set to music by Mrs. George. The words were by Miss Phyllis, who was the great poet of the family. I cannot oblige my readers with the epithalamium that was sung on this occasion; but that kind of composition was not the author's forte. Her talent was satirical, in the exercise of which few of her neighbours were spared; and, amongst others, the parson's wife came in for a very handsome share. I shall introduce a short epigram on the latter person, by the way of a taste; but I must first premise, that Master Stephen passed off all these productions of his sister for his own, and was weak enough to be very proud of them. This was on a certain defect in Mrs. Pawlet's vision, vulgarly termed squinting.

EPICRAM.

Unsocial eyes! there placed within her head,
Like man and wife, when six months tuck'd in bed:
If this but moves, as "Let's be friends," 'twould say,
That to its utmost limit runs away.

Though there was no great point in this, and there were few better from the same

mint, yet they answered the purpose of displeasing the individuals they were written to ridicule, and that was deemed sufficient recompense for the pains of inventing them.—Still, that the above is a correct description of Mrs. Pawlet's eyes, I must confess.

When they entered the parlour, the mirth and astonishment at Mrs. Pawlet's appearance had a little subsided, as she had been there some time before them, owing to their delay. The musical family, however, were not more surprised at Mrs. Pawlet's dress, than our friends were at Mrs. George's, which was as outrageously absurd as the other's, being a complete Italian habit of the old school, which the wearer had brought over with her from Italy some twenty years before.

After the common civilities of meeting were at an end, and the merchant had taken Barclay by the hand, and led him to the window-seat, and engaged him in conversation, his wife proposed till dinner-time to entertain the company with a grand piece, which she had herself composed for that day.

Not so much from inclination as politeness, this was agreed to. The harmony was by the Abbe, who had also, to please Mrs. George, made out the parts for a band. The Abbe was absent at the Hon. Mr. Buckle's, as she informed them, and therefore she could not do it so much justice as she hoped to do it in the evening, when she expected his assistance. "Even then," said she, "you will have but a very imperfect notion of what effect a band would produce; however, we must do the best we can. I shall now," continued she, "endeavour to give you, by the means of my various stops, the best ideas of it in my power." She then began a horrid *melange*, that lasted five and twenty minutes, proclaiming every minute, "Here my horns—flutes—violins—clarionets—bassoons.—Now my full!" And here she thundered away so as to deafen the whole assembly. Presently she requested the attention of the company to some particular movements.—"Now *gracioso*—*espressivo*—*fortissimo*—*pianissimo*—*agitato*—And here," said she, "I introduce a fugue; and then I go, at once, from the key of C natural into seven flats, with several running fifths and eighth. That's singular, but we modern composers take these liberties. Novelty, difficulty, and effect, are every thing with us!"

Shortly after, crying, "Now my full again!" she concluded, greatly satisfying her friends that she had come to a conclusion.

During the time she had been playing, the parson's wife had suffered a violent attack of envy, which never failed to assail her whenever any one, especially one of her own sex, seemed, or pretended to understand any thing better than herself. She prided herself on being equally great on every subject, and was resolved not to let her sister's arrogance, as she conceived it, pass without a proper rebuke. To begin, therefore, she hinted at the aid the Abbe had given her, and ended by saying, "That she was entirely ignorant of the theory, and only knew the practical part of music, which any infant or animal might almost learn."

Mrs. George defended herself, and said she had studied many works on thorough bass.

"Nonsense!" cried the other, "there is not a man now a day who, if he comprehends any thing about music, can express himself so as to be intelligible to any body. I have seen plenty of your modern writers on music, and I believe no books contain so much ignorance and unintelligibility.—Every one professes to do more than those who have preceded him, and he does so; but how does he do it? By being more obscure than the obscurity he pretends to elucidate. Each new treatise by these gentlemen is 'confusion worse confounded.'"

Mrs. George confessed that they were not so clear as she could wish, but that still something might be learnt from them.

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Pawlet, "confusion! No; if you wish to prosper in your study of music, read Aristoxenus, Euclid, Nicomachus, Alypius, Gaudentius, Quintilianus, Bacchius, and Capella, with the profound and instructive commentary of Marcus Meibomius."

"I had rather be excused," replied Mrs. George, smiling; "I leave them to you, sister, and shall content myself with less learned, and more homely authors."

"The obstinacy of ignorance!" cried the other; "you may learn as much music as can be learned by the fingers, but that which is acquired by the head you can have nothing to do with. You may produce harmony, but you will never comprehend what it is."

"Well, I am sure I am more excusable than you are then," said she, "for you comprehended it, and never produce it. But pray what is harmony, sister?"

"Boethius *de Musica* tells us," replied Mrs. Pawlet, "that harmonica est—**"

"No Latin, pray?" cried Mrs. George.

"Well, then, 'harmony is a faculty ex-

amining the differences of acute and grave sounds, by sense and reason.' But the *sense* and *reason* of music, and of every thing else indeed, seem entirely out of his sphere."

The servant at this moment announced that dinner was on the table.

"That's well!" exclaimed the parson; "that's a thing which generally puts an end to discord, and promotes *harmony*. Come! on such a day as this it should reign in perfection, and I hope it will."

Now, according to custom, he led Mrs. George by the hand into the dining room: the merchant and the parson's wife, Master Stephen and Penelope, Barclay and Miss Phyllis, followed, pair after pair; conforming to the example given by the inhabitants of Noah's ark, at their first entrance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Mandonoch.

A TALE.

"I ASK no favours from you, nor indeed can you bestow any, for life has now no charms, and I shall be happy in reposing in the grave,"—were the words of the convict Mandonoch, when the judges, who were about to sentence him to death offered him a pardon if he would discover his associates in guilt. His proud soul disdained to accept a favour when offered conditionally, much less would he avail himself of one when it was to be obtained by a violation of his word. The man who had brought himself to the verge of destruction by a breach of the laws of his country, had still too nice a sense of honour to forfeit it for the paltry reward of existence.

"You see before you," continued Mandonoch, "a man who through all the vicissitudes of his life (and they have been many, very many) still preserved the consciousness that he was a man. He has infringed the laws of society, and he is ready to lay down his life as a reparation for his offence; but he will never sacrifice the companions of his fortune to secure that which he has long considered a burden."

The judges then consulted among themselves and after a pause of a few moments the eldest arose. The court was wrapped in silence. Not a whisper disturbed the solemnity of the scene, when the awful sentence was pronounced. Mandonoch listened with calm attention. His features preserved their serenity, and the frown of majesty, which generally dwelt on his brow,

gave place to a faint glow that illuminated his countenance.

When the judge was seated, Mandonoch bowed profoundly, and thus replied— "To you, sir, who have, in the performance of your duty, pronounced my fate, I return my thanks for the impartiality with which you administered justice. To die is what I wish; but to die an ignominious death!"—he shook his head, his features were momentarily convulsed; but he recovered his firmness and resumed—"An ignominious death must be hateful to every one who has ever been held in estimation by his fellows; but it is the work of an over-ruled Providence, and I submit. If it will not be an intrusion on your patience, I will relate the most momentous occurrences of my life." The judges bowed assent, and he went on. "Born to an honourable station in society, educated beneath the eye of affectionate parents, my prospects were as flattering as youthful fancy can paint. Alas, soon, very soon, were they clouded by misfortune. My parents died ere I arrive at the age of maturity, and left me to the guardianship of a man whose ruling passion was *avarice*. He cheated me of my fortune, trepanned me on board a ship bound to India, and they exposed me to the greatest hardships. I was treated by the persons to whom I had been consigned with the greatest severity."

However, some time after my arrival in India I escaped. Returning to England I found my guardian revelling in the possession of the fortune which was mine, and enjoying the luxuries of life while the rightful possessor of his wealth was exposed to all the ills of poverty. My absence from my native home had been several years, as the difficulty of returning retarded my departure from India. From being exposed to the inclemency of the weather in different climates my countenance was considerably altered, and the wretch baffled all my attempts to reinstate myself in my fortune, and treated me as an imposter. Without funds to enable me to force him to resign his wealth, which he had so infamously obtained, what could I do?—My heart panted for revenge. I watched my opportunity and sent my villainous guardian to his native hell. Having gratified my revenge at the expence of my peace, I fled again to sea. But the ocean seemed to have conspired with fortune to rob me of the least taste of enjoyment and content. The vessel to which I belonged was wrecked on the coast, and every soul but myself perished with her. I was taken up by a party of smugglers, who conducted their illegal trade on the coast; and,

* Lib. v. p. 1471. vol.

disgusted with society, I readily acceded to their proposition to join them. Active and enterprising, I obtained their favour, and after a residence of some years among them, was appointed their chief. Our band was numerous and daring. The quantities of goods which were through our means introduced into the country, attracted the notice of the officers appointed to prevent that illicit trade. They led troops out against us, and many severe conflicts ensued. The fame of Mandonoch and his hardy band spread far and wide; for I feared not death, and to preserve the companions of my fate I was actuated by love, and gratitude. It was for them I conducted the fight,—it was for them I engaged in a sanguine, though a partial warfare with my countrymen;—but never for myself, the life I led I abhorred; but I had no alternative. At length larger bodies of troops were dispatched against us. I was outlawed, and a price set upon my head. This I well knew, and all my followers were well acquainted with it; but they were faithful, and I believe would have sacrificed their lives to preserve mine. Shall I then basely expose them to death, because I dread its approach. No; it comes as a friend to release me from the tormenting fiend, *recollection*; and the soul of Mandonoch is too proud to preserve existence, were it ever so dear to him, when the lives of his friends in misfortune must be the forfeit. Often, when night had cast her congenial shadows over the face of nature, did I wander among the craggy cliffs which form the battlements of England, and in conversation with myself pass away the tedious hours. My friends never intruded on my lonely musings. They observed my sorrows, and while they lamented them, held them ever sacred. In one of these nocturnal rambles, fortune led those who were in pursuit of me to the place where I indulged my melancholy. I was taken a prisoner. Their triumph was great, although they had only to boast the capture of a man like themselves,—but that man was Mandonoch! You have taken me, but yet there remain eighty men, who pride themselves on their independence, and who will lay that down only with their lives. Severity will never succeed, unless they are extirpated. Lenity might induce them to return to a state of obedience to the laws, if they can live in society independent; but if you attempt to force them to resign their liberty, I see nothing before you but blood and slaughter among those who ought to be brothers, from being the offspring of one common country."

Here Mandonoch ended. He bowed with manly firmness to the court, and retired to his dungeon. The next morning he was conducted to the place of execution; where, attended by thousands of spectators, he prepared to meet his fate with fortitude. The crowd admired his firmness; and while they condemned his life, they could not but pity the man who was above their compassion. His countenance was unmoved, and without uttering a word he mounted the ladder. His step was firm, and his whole conduct manly: Insomuch that no one among the throng but wished his reprieve. Mandonoch seemed for some minutes in silent prayer. He turned to the crowd, and with haughty condescension bowed to them as they gazed upon his majestic form;—then gave the signal, and his manly soul fled for ever!!! RICARDO.

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FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

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MR. HOGAN,

AMONG the many follies with which the present age abounds, there is one which, though not quite so often held up to the ridicule of the public, as many others, is in my opinion, fully as reprehensible. What I allude to is, the habit to which many people are addicted, of catching at with avidity, and treasuring up the most out-of-the-way stories, for the purpose of retailing them again to their acquaintances: the less plausible and the more incredible they appear, with so much the more eagerness are they sought after.

I imagine this foolish practice must have originated in this way:—When the topic of conversation is exhausted, and languor and listlessness begin to pervade the company, most of the party feel themselves so unpleasantly situated, that frequent attempts are made to rouse the spirit of conversation. In polite companies, however, where the parties generally are possessed of wit and good sense, this is not often the case, as they are seldom at a loss for a subject to converse upon; but in common life, where persons do not possess these advantages, when the minds of the company begin to grow faint, and the fund of small talk is exhausted, they have so few resources to which they can apply, in order to preserve good humour, that the above expedient is frequently resorted to. And when this mode of story-telling is once broached, the parties generally endeavour to out-do each other in relating those that are monstrous and incredible.

I know a man of this description, who

after having related some story, so wonderful as to be beyond belief, if any person should happen to express a doubt as to the truth of it, will immediately tell another, which in improbability infinitely exceeds the first. It is true, when he has finished one of these stories, he might easily perceive, by the countenances of his hearers, that not a syllable of what he had said was credited; yet the habit is so confirmed, by frequent practice, that he is often exposed to ridicule and contempt.

A person ought to be cautious how he relates things of a marvellous nature, which are even well attested, and which he knows are founded on truth. He should also consider the degree of information possessed by the person to whom he speaks. For instance, was a person to attempt to convince a peasant of the truth of some of the wonders of nature, (and there are many which surpass common belief) without being able to back his arguments by ocular demonstration, he would find them to be entirely unavailing, and perhaps to have quite a different effect from that which they were intended to produce; though the circumstances might be of such a nature that possibly most people of common information were well acquainted with them. Indeed, it will be difficult for one of these story-telling gentrified to retain a character as a man of probity. It will naturally be supposed, and perhaps justly, that a man who accustoms himself to study and relate things incredible, when he is at a loss for something of the kind that is true, will, to gratify the expectations of the company, be induced to narrate circumstances which have no other foundation to rest upon than his own fancy.

Upon the whole, it is certainly a most ridiculous practice. Such persons frequently exclude from conversation subjects that are better, and of far more consequence,—and at the same time materially lessen themselves in the estimation of the more sensible and sober part of the community; since no one can think well of that man who makes it his only business to converse on things which so nearly border on extravagance.

V.

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Recipe for a Cough.

Take one tea-spoonful of Elixir Paregoric, one tea-spoonful of Sal Volatile, mix these in a wine-glass of spring water, and take it the first thing in the morning, and the last at going to bed. If the cough is very troublesome, you may take it in the course of the day.

The following very singular case, as related by Dr. CHEVNE of Bath (Eng.) in his Treatise on the English Malady, will afford speculation to some of our readers, and be a matter of curiosity to all.

"The Case of the Hon. Colonel Townshend.—Colonel Townshend, a gentleman of excellent natural parts and of great honour and integrity, had for many years been afflicted with a nephritick complaint, attended with constant vomitings, which had made his life painful and miserable. During the whole time of his illness he had observed the strictest regimen, living on the softest vegetables and lightest animal foods, drinking ass's-milk daily in the camp; for common drink, Bristol-water, which, the summer before his death, he drank on the spot. But his illness increasing, and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a litter in autumn, and lay at the Bell-inn. Dr. Baynard, (who is since dead,) and I, were called to him, and attended him twice a-day, for about the space of a week; but his vomiting continuing still incessant, and obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition, he sent for us early one morning: we waited on him, with Mr. Skrine, the apothecary: we found his senses clear, and his mind calm: his nurse, and several servants were about him. He had made his will, and settled his affairs. He told us he had sent for us to give him some account of an odd sensation he had for some time observed and felt of himself, which was, that composing himself, he could die or expire when he pleased; and yet, by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again; which it seems he had sometimes tried before he sent for us. We heard this with surprise, but as it was not to be accounted for upon common principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give him any account of it, unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest in his weak condition he should carry it too far. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly above an hour, about this, (to him) surprising sensation, and insisted so much on our seeing the trial made, that we were at last obliged to comply. We all three felt his pulse first: it was distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating.

"He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a

clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nicest touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least soil of breath, on the bright mirror he held to his mouth; then each of us, by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were just about to leave him. This continued about half an hour, by nine o'clock in the morning, in autumn. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently, and speak softly: we were astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him, and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it.

"He afterwards called for his attorney, added a codicil to his will—settled legacies on his servants—received the sacrament—and calmly and composedly expired about five or six o'clock that evening.

The doctor goes on by saying, the body was opened, and his complaints were found to have proceeded from a nephritick cancer, and concludes with the following strong testimony; which, from a man of his character, must be deemed conclusive as to the truth of his statement.

"I have narrated the facts, as I saw and observed them deliberately and distinctly, and shall leave to the philosophic reader to make what inferences he thinks fit: the truth of the material circumstance I warrant."

AN OPPOSITE.

DRYDEN and Otway lived opposite to each other in Queen-street, London. Otway coming one night from the tavern, chalked upon Dryden's door, "Here lives John Dryden, he is a wit." Dryden knew his hand writing, and next day chalked on Otway's door, "Here lives Tom Otway, he is OPPOSITE."

The following remarkable story may perhaps give some general idea of the character of the negroes of St. DOMINGO,—those principal actors in the late horrid scenes transacted on that ill-fated island. The facts are supposed to have happened about forty years ago.

THE STORY OF MAKANDAL.

BORN in Africa, in one of those countries which border on Mount Atlas, this Makandal appeared to have been of an illustrious rank, as he had received much better education than what negroes generally have. He could read and write the Arabian language, and he is not the only negro, reduced by bad fortune, to a state of slavery, who has possessed the same talents. Makandal had also a strong natural turn for music, painting and sculpture; and though only twelve years of age when carried to the West-Indies, he was well acquainted with the medicine of his own country, and the virtue of plants, so used, and often so dangerous in the torrid zone.

Transported to St. Domingo, and sold to a planter in the neighbourhood of Cape Francois, Makandal soon gained the esteem of his master, by his knowledge and industry, and made himself respected by his fellow slaves, on account of the care which he took to procure them amusements, by multiplying their festivals, and to cure their disorders, after they had baffled the skill of the European physicians. In a short time he was the soul of all their assemblies and dances, and from one end of the island to the other, the sick who were deemed incurable, invoked the name of Makandal, sending to ask from him the leaf or root of some herb, which for the most part relieved them.

Young Makandal was known then only by his beneficence, and his great taste for pleasure. Happy! had he always employed his talents for innocent purposes; but they soon became the source of the greatest crimes.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen, love began to inflame his breast, and to rule with the most astonishing impetuosity. He did not, however, entertain an exclusive passion for one object, and every woman who possessed any charms, received part of his homage, and inflamed his senses. His passion acquired energy and activity in proportion as the objects which inspired it were multiplied. In every quarter he had a mistress. It is well known, that among the negroes, enjoyment soon follows desire; and satiety and indifference are the usual consequences; but Makandal on the

contrary, appeared always to be more enamoured of those who had contributed to his felicity, and with a proud jealousy defended the empire of his love.

The overseer of the plantation to which he belonged, fell in love with a beautiful young negro girl, who had attracted the notice also of Makandal. The reader may readily imagine how much embarrassed such a female must be, to fix her choice between a rigorous and despotic master, and the most distinguished of all the negroes in that part of the country; her heart, however inclined towards her equal, and the offers of the overseer were rejected.

Enraged at this affront, he discovered that Makandal had been the cause of it, and he vowed to be revenged; but Makandal, notwithstanding his nocturnal peregrinations, and the time which he devoted to pleasure, discharged his duty with so much punctuality and zeal, that he was never exposed to the least chastisement; a circumstance rather astonishing in a country where the lash is so continually lacerating the bodies of the unhappy negroes, and where the soul of the European not yet inured by custom to the most horrid spectacles, is filled daily with both terror and pity.

The overseer, eagerly desirous of surprising Makandal in some fault, redoubled his vigilance, but in vain; the slave was always irreproachable.—His rival, however, seeing that he could find no cause for punishing him, endeavoured to invent a pretext; and one day, in the middle of a new plantation of sugar canes, he ordered him to be stretched out on his belly, and to receive fifty lashes. The pride of Makandal revolted at this act of injustice. Instead of humbling himself, and imploring the prayers and intercession of all the other slaves, who were filled with astonishment and pity, he disdainfully cast his implements of husbandry at the feet of his rival, telling him, that such a barbarous order was to him a signal of liberty, and immediately running towards the mountains, escaped, in spite of the overseer's fury, and the pretended pursuit of the negroes, who gave themselves little trouble to overtake him.

When he had thus saved himself from the unjust punishment of an European despot, he united himself to the maroons; that is to say, runaway slaves, and twelve years elapsed before he could be apprehended. He still, however, kept up a correspondence with his former companions; never was a festival of any consequence celebrated, at which he was not their Corypheus. But how came the negroes to betray their friend, their comforter, and their prophet?

for he had address enough to make them at length believe that he had supernatural virtues, and divine revelations. Having carved out with much art upon the head of a stick made of the orange tree, a small human figure, which when pressed a little on the back part of the head, moved its eyes and lips, and appeared to be animated, he pretended that this puppet answered whatever questions were put to it, and uttered oracles, and when he made it predict the death of any one, it is certain that he never was mistaken.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

AS my last in answer to *Ten Love* was too long for publication, I intended now in a more concise manner, to have pointed out the fallacy and inconsistency of his arguments; but my attention has been drawn from this, for the present, by the more candid epistle of J. I. H. who, I observe, has again made his appearance in defence of his former arguments on the subject of music, and who, (though he has, like the porcupine, pointed a quill against every opposer,) has thought proper to honour me with his "more particular attention."

I am happy to find he is now so correct in his ideas respecting billiards, gaming, &c. I give him credit for what he adds about lotteries, and perfectly agree with him on this subject. I trust we shall likewise very soon be agreed on the subject of music, for I assure him, I am no enemy to sacred harmony, or to the science in general, only I wish to have it kept in its *proper place*.

But I beg leave to tell him, that I neither did nor wished to pervert his words or meaning; and if he has advanced opinions which he cannot maintain, it certainly can be no fault of mine. He denies having asserted, that our becoming inhabitants of heaven, depended on our learning music: he tells us to read his communication *again*; be pleased, Mr. J. I. H. to take a peep at it *yourself*, and I believe you will find this expression: "I am clearly of opinion, that every person who expects to become an inhabitant of heaven, ought to learn music." Now, if there be any meaning in words, this certainly implies that we are not to expect the one without the other! Nothing can be more plain; and I have no hesitation in again

saying, that nothing can be more absurd and erroneous; its absurdity being so evident, that I need make no further remarks upon it. The gentleman, indeed, gives up the position, and proceeds thus, "I asserted only, that music forms a considerable part of the joys of heaven;" this, Sir, is already granted; I never denied it. He next goes on to prove his favourite sentiment, viz. that those who learn music here, will, in heaven, have the advantage of those who do not, this he defies us to prove erroneous; but has he himself proved it from Scripture to be true? No! the reason is obvious; it was impossible! What proof has he given us? Why none, none at all! He has, to be sure, quoted a passage from the Revelations, namely, "And there were sealed 144,000 of all the tribes, &c." But the gentleman does not seem to understand the scope of this passage; we apprehend it signifies a *perfect number*; it signifies that the number of the redeemed will be complete and full, and that by this perfect and complete number, is meant as including or comprehending *all the elect*, which will be gathered out of every nation, kindred and tongue, &c. Their song is indeed *new*, and will be *new* to all eternity! even angels will never be able to sing the anthem of the redeemed! for it is an anthem or song, which only they can sing! and no man, no, not the greatest adept in music that ever lived, can learn this song, unless he be among that number. But after all, what does he gain by this quotation? he dare not say, that even the number of those, as they stand upon record, were all individually taught the science of music while in this world? No! I may in my turn defy him to prove this. But I think it is altogether in favour of my argument, because it is evident that no man, whether learned or unlearned, knows any thing of this song, unless he be taught of God; and it is no less evident, that all, without exception, who are thus taught, will join in it. But further, it is said, John xxi. 15. "Have ye never read, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" Thus we are told, that the praises of God are *perfected* out of the mouths of babes! perfected, I say, without any assistance from science; for it is not our singing systematically, but our singing with a perfect heart, that can be acceptable to God. Does Mr. J. I. H. indeed believe, that when all the elect are raised up to eternal life, and made *perfectly* blessed in the full enjoyment of God, that any of them can *Possibly* be incapable of singing his praise! of joining in the same glorious anthem, because perhaps they have

not studied music scientifically while in this world?—Away with such preposterous notions!

In his sixth paragraph he perverts my words, by changing what I termed *music*, into *tunes*.

I have not room to treat his seventh paragraph so fully as I could wish, I will just notice two or three things; and first, I observe what he says respecting the different degrees of glory of the saints, and their being appointed to different offices. Here again he labours under a mistake, for they will be all and every one of them kings and priests, &c. "this honour have all his saints." But let him read the 2d, 3d, and 4th verses of the 15th chapter, and from the 9th verse to the end of chapter 7th of the Revelations: In the first we find that John saw "them (viz. all them) that had gotten the victory," &c. and in the second "a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations," &c. Here we have their cloathing, their attitude, their songs, and their exercise described; but does there appear any degrees or distinctions among them? No; they all join in the same song of praise, and not one of them is silent.—But why need I seek for proofs, or make extracts, to convince J. I. H. of his errors? I would rather advise him, if he wants information, to read the whole of the sacred volume with more attention.

G.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET.

Written at a Country-seat in the month of January last.

Congeal'd and gloomy is the sable ground!
Leafless and barren are the late green
trees; (breeze,
Grim winter shakes the mansion with his
And cheerless desolation spreads around.

But soon shall spring her wonted sweets
reveal,
And Sol rejoice glad nature with his ray;
The feather'd choir their native notes
display:
Contented minds heav'n's blessed influence
feel.

For me, alas! spring's lost her many charms!
Her roseate flow'r's no more delight the
eye;
Pensive alone, I wander, weep and sigh:
Banish'd for ever from my Mira's arms.

Farewell dear girl, thy lover bids adieu
To wordly happiness, content—and you.

EUGENIO.

TO FORTUNE.

Fortune! how oft have I thy smiles believ'd!
How did thy prospects my fond bosom warm?
But ah! how oft too have I been deceiv'd!
So is fair sun-shine follow'd by a storm.

Henceforth in thee no more I put my trust;
To me, indifferent is thy smile or frown:
My hope and bliss—they spring not from the dust;
My soul thy tempests never can cast down.
Should friends grow fickle, and their smiles decline,
My steady mind can every ill endure;
I rest alone on PROVIDENCE DIVINE,—
For all life's ills, the true, the perfect cure.

HOLTIMNA.

ANECDOTES.

AN hungry Irishman, lately in London, mistaking a barber's shop for an eating house bolted in, and begged to be served. The barber supposing from the length of his beard that he wished to be shaved, knocked up a basin of soap-suds, and placing it before him with a wash-ball, went backwards to set his razor. Pat, without waiting for grace, sopped up the suds, and swallowed the wash-ball; and on the barber returning with the razor, his guest coolly observed, "There is no occasion for a knife, honey; your soup is very good, but your turnip was not quite boiled: So paying his penny, he bade the astonished barber good morning.

Poor Paddy seems doomed to be the constant butt of every silly witling—But, dear Teague, cheer up, here's something for your comfort:

AS an American and Hibernian were riding into Boston together, they espied the gallows just at the entrance of the town. "Look ye there, Paddy," says the Yankee, pointing to the gallows, "what would be the consequence, admitting that justice was now to take place?" "What," says Teague, with a look of contempt, "why I should be after riding into town alone, and be d—d to you."

PHILADELPHIA,

MARCH 27, 1802.

Marriages.

*Happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.*

MARRIED...In this City...On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Potts, Mr. Henry Bedinger, to Miss Catharine Bostwick.... On the 25th, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Stephen Clayton, to Miss Elizabeth Hayden.

.....At New Kent County, (Vir.) Feb. 27, Mr. Michael Sherman, aged 97

years and 4 days, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Eliza Poindexter, aged 14!!!

Alas that such matches we're doom'd to see,
Where youth and old age do unite,—
Oh that long and merry their day may be,
For dreary, ah dreary's the NIGHT!

A New-Hampshire paper mentions the marriage of Mr. Comfort Hamilton, to Miss Charity Carpenter. This charitable lady, it must be acknowledged, has a very comfortable husband.

Deaths.

*Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours dress'd.
Brusht'd by the hand of rough Misfortune,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.*

DIED...In this City...On the 15th inst. Mr. Charles Young, Merchant, Aet. 51.... On the 16th, Captain Anthony Senky, Aet. 30....On the 17th, one of the Indian Chiefs of the Shawnee Tribe, who lately arrived here on their return from the seat of government. His remains were interred with military honours, and his funeral attended by the Tammany Society.

.....At Washington, on the 11th inst. Mr. Narsworthy Hunter, late a delegate to Congress, from the Mississippi Territory. His remains were attended to the grave by the members of both houses of the Legislature.

.....On the 4th inst. the Hon. John Sitgreaves, Esq. Judge of the court of the United States for the North-Carolina district.—He served some time, as an officer in the revolutionary war. After the peace he was chosen a Member of Congress under the Confederation. He was repeatedly elected a member of the legislature of N. C. for his native town Newbern; and for several years past he held the office of which he died possessed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Eugenio," sweet bard, in pure delightful strains,
To "MEM'RY" tunes his softly-pleasing lyre;
Correctness through the whole with beauty reigns,
And scenes long past renew the youthful fire.

"T. W. de la Tienda" is right,—the Editor is partial.... but it is to *MERRIT* alone. However, if he thinks it worth while to call at the office, the Editor will give him the reasons of his long silence.

"Ten Love" came too late,—he has the misfortune to be again anticipated.

The Editor has taken some liberties with A. G.'s communication. It is hoped the writer will see their propriety without an explanation.

"Harmonie" is under consideration.—"Pallamor" will be attended to.

If "Love at First Sight" is original, why introduce such characters as *Lady Betty* and *Sir Harry*?—we rather suppose it is copied from some old Magazine. Did not this circumstance throw suspicion on the piece attached to it, we would say, that "The Sleigh Bell" is far from being destitute of merit.

Some other communications came too late for examination.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ADVENTURE OF AN EVENING.

A TALE.

THE sun had set beneath the western main,
And night began her solemn, silent reign;
The glitt'ring stars shone in the azure sky,
While Cynthia shed pale lustre from on high :
When **ANNA** wander'd cheerless on the shore,
And listen'd to the ocean's sullen roar ;
A settled sorrow in her bosom reign'd,
Which ev'n the aid of cheering Hope disdain'd ;
A sigh oft rising from her breast was heard,
And in her eye a glist'ning tear appear'd.
" Ah why ! " said she, " should I my days extend,
When all my sorrows in the grave would end ;
When in the bosom of yon briny wave,
I'd join my **HENRY** in his wat'ry grave :
For sure, he slumbers in death's silent sleep,
Wrapt in the bosom of the stormy deep ;
Or far from home, cast on some distant strand,
He thinks no more upon his native land ;
Alas ! perhaps, his youthful wand'ring mind
Has long forgot his Anna left behind ;
Clasp'd in the arms of some more happy fair,
He values not my anguish and despair.
Oh ! dreadful thought !—of all my friends bereft,
If even Henry should no more be left ;
Where shall I seek some kind protecting friend,
Who to affliction would assistance lend.
Who'd calm the anguish of my tortur'd breast ;
Cheer my sad soul, and lull my cares to rest—
None, none their lives, no friendly hand t' impart
One beam of pleasure to my suff'ring heart ;
Nought but dark prospects meet my aching eye,
And I've no refuge left me but to die ;
Death's friendly hand alone can end my woes,
And bring my sorrows to a final close."

This said, upon the shore prepar'd she stood,
To rush at once into the briny flood,
Then from the shelter of a neighbouring rock,
I came, and to the sorrowing fair one spoke,
" Thou shalt not die," with gentle voice I said,
And with bright hopes I cheer'd the weeping maid :
(In secret I had listen'd to her sighs,
Watch'd her sad steps, and seen her tearful eyes)
" Dry up thy tears, thy long lost Henry's found,
This day his feet have trod their native ground."
Then from the shore I led in all her charms,
The maid, and gave her to her lover's arms.

CARLOS.

VIRTUE AND RELIGION.

Oh Virtue ! Oh Virtue ! what pleasures are thine,
How blest dost thou ever appear,
Thy influence o'er mortals how soft and benign,
There is loveliness-e'en in thy tear,
Younger, to malice, to envy unknown ;
Ambition can never thee move ;
Endearing affections thou knowest alone,
Benevolence, pity and love.

If adversity low'r, if prosperity smiles,
Whatever the lot thou may'st find,
Thy innocence ever affliction beguiles,
And spreads a sweet peace o'er the mind.
For ever in action, thy joy is to ease
The woe-stricken bosom of care,
The vice-enslaved mind from its chain to release,
And aid it thy blessings to share.
Oh Virtue ! Oh Virtue ! what pleasures are thine,
Oh ! who would thy influence miss ;
Yet still their's a power thy joys can refine,—
Tis **RELIGION** must crown thee with bliss.
Tis she that sweet confidence can to thee bring,
When toss'd by affliction's wide wave,
Tis she that deprives horrid death of its sting,
And victory wrests from the grave.
Tis she can enable thee only to soar
Above this poor life's narrow bound,
To see with the vision of faith that bless'd shore
Where happiness ever is found.
Thus the moon cheers the night with a heart-sooth-ing ray,
A lustre that is not her own ;
But when the sun rises her light fades away,—
She shines in his absence alone.
How trifling those pleasures that never can last
But a day in their most lengthen'd course,
And when these poor glittering phantoms are past,
Leave languor, disease and remorse.
How unhappy are those who never have known
Of peace and Religion the growth ;
Who never have made yet fair Virtue their own,
But have liv'd on a stranger to both.
Who, when trials assail, have no pow'r to cope
With the sorrows which vice leaves behind,
Who cannot experience the comforts of hope,
Which Religion spreads over the mind.
Oh come then Religion inhabit my heart,
There let thy pure radiance shine ;
Thy calmness and bliss to my bosom impart,
And guide me with counsel divine :
And when thro' this mixture of light and of gloom
With dutiful patience I've trod,
Oh aid me t' encounter disease and the tomb,
And meet the tribunal of God !

CLIO.

TO BEAUTY AND MERIT.

AN ACROSTIC.

My pencil, my head, and my heart,
A Pierian draught has inspir'd,
R estricted from fiction or art,
To paint her who is more than a mir'd.
H erculean sure is the task,
All language must fail in supply,
A nd fancy, exhausted, must ask
New strength from a glance of her eye,
N ature, too-partial nature has giv'n,
R rival beauties in figure and face ;
O n her smile sits an emblem of heav'n,
B looming youth and enrapturing grace.
E nrich'd in refinement of soul ;
R esplendent and pointed her wit ;
T ruth and innocence governs the whole ;—
S ure perfection was never so hit.

AVON.

TO ELIZA.

YOUR writings, Eliza, may tend to amuse ;
I hope there are none will that tribute refuse.
But tell me my sister, say, why should the fair,
Be vex'd at the trifling attack on their hair ?
If Clio and others dislike a short waist,—
Pretend that our dresses display want of taste,
Oh ne'er let's regard them, nor ever disclose
That they in the least have disturb'd our repose.
Let no foolish rhyming our cause e'er disgrace ;
Instead of our nonsense, let silence take place.
Perhaps, my dear sister, the time mayn't be long
Ere we shall all find that we've been in the wrong.
For numbers there are, who think Clio is right ;
Approve of his writings, how'er impolite :
I own it is rude, and for that I'll contend,
To tell us such truths, when they're known to offend.
I therefore request he'll politely refrain
From writing on subjects that cause so much pain.
His pills are not gilt, so they never can please ;
His doctrine's too piercing to heal our disease...
If I'm not mistaken, his sight is so keen,
The *beau thro'* Eliza will plainly be seen !

LAVINIA.

SONNET TO MORPHEUS.

HENCE Morpheus ! with thy leaden wand away !
And leave my senses from thy influence free ;
Thy pow'r, to which e'en monarchs bend the knee,
Me only robs of pleasure's genial ray.

What tho' EUGENIO* chaunt thy fancied worth—
Can'st thou relieve the wretch by pain oppress'd,
Can'st thou give ease unto the tortur'd breast,
Or cheer the pining habitant of earth.

No ! such might joy to hail thy leaden reign :
But these thy poppies never, never share ;
In vain they fill with ardent pray'r the air :
Thou wilt not hear, and all their vows are vain.

Then let EUGENIO sing ; thou ne'er wilt be
A favorite friend, or wish'd-for guest with me.

* See page 44.

LORENZO.

The following ENIGMA (copied from an old London Magazine) is from a Correspondent, who requests an answer in verse.

BEFORE creating nature will'd,
That atoms into form should jar,
By me the boundless space was fill'd,
On me was hung the first made star—
For me the saint will break his word,
By the proud Atheist I'm rever'd ;
At me the coward draws his sword,
And by the hero I am fear'd—
Scorn'd by the meek and humble mind,
Yet often by the vain possesst ;
Heard by the deaf, seen by the blind,
Give to the troubl'd conscience rest—
Than Wisdom's sacred self I'm wiser,
And yet by every blockhead known ;
I'm freely giv'n by the miser,
Kept by the prodigal alone—
As vice deform'd, as virtue fair,
The courtier's loss, the patriot's gains ;
The poet's purse, the coxcomb's care...
Read—and you'll have me for your pains !